THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI. JANUARY, 1878. No. 9.

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AVERY
DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.
Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris

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Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XXI. JANUARY, 1878. NO. 9.

A BRIGHT NEW YEAR

is our wish, dear readers, for each. If brightness is to be had by doing deeds of kindness, as it assuredly is, we feel sure that many of our good friends have had a liberal share already, during the year 1877, so that to them there is need only of saying that the future will reward no less than the past. If some who read this have not known what real enjoyment is we would suggest that this year is just the time to commence living for others, for where thoughts of self are uppermost and absorbing there can be only disappointment. May the year be a bright one to all of our good friends.

We have felt, at the House of Industry, that we could use to good advantage more money than was given to us and have been compelled to run in debt in order to meet maturing bills, but still the good Lord knoweth best, and perhaps He has a way of bringing us out which we know not of. The year past has been a profitable one we believe in our work of training, and the labors have not been without fruit. We began the year with bright hopes and we trust the new year is to be brighter yet to all our little folks in the matter of personal improvement, spiritual and otherwise.

With the hope that all our good friends who have in the past remembered the House of Industry will continue friendly to it for this year, and that the number will be augmented, we close as we began, by wishing our readers, one and all, a bright New Year.

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(1878:Jan.)

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
As they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And, Alas! for any vessel in th. ir yawning gulf entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea has spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
As she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for the power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo, when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing! 'Jesus lover of my soul;'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "while the nearer waters roll";
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not!"—The singer dropped at last in the sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

BERTY DERWINT'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

"Oh, mamma, it's half past eleven! Don't you think they'll come soon?"

"Yes, Berty; but I should hardly think the time would pass so slowly when you have so many pretty Christmas presents to amuse you."

"They're just splendid, I know, but it isn't half the fun to play with them, that it'll be to see all those children——— Oh, mamma, there's a ring! mayn't I open the door?"

And hardly waiting for the quickly granted permisson, off darted the eager boy.

"We've come to the party," were the words with which he was greeted, as he opened the door; "be this the house?"

Strange guests for a party, did the new comers appear, for more forlorn specimens of the little street-beggars who haunt our large cities, could hardly have been found.

But forlorn and dirty as they were, they were evidently expected, for Berty ushered them into the parlor with the air of one who is receiving long-looked-for and warmly-welcomed friends. His mother met the children with quite as much cordiality as Berty had shown, and, having wished them a "Merry Christmas," was, with Berty's assistance, trying to make the little waifs feel easy and at home. But again and again the bell sounded, until thirty little beggars were assembled in the beautiful rooms. The contrast between the richness and beauty of these city parlors, and the rags and tatters of the children, brought tears to the eyes of their hostess, as she looked over the motley group. The little attempts at finery, made by some of the guests, only made more touching the squalor and poverty of their appearance. And sadder even than the rags and dirt, was that look of age and care so often observed on the children's faces among the very poor.

A hush had fallen on the party when the little bustle, caused by the entrance of the last arrivals, had subsided. This was broken by Mrs. Derwent, who asked if the children would like to hear a story. "You bet!" "Yes mom!" "Go it, lemons!" and sundry other exclamations of like import, was the speedy answer to this question.

So, in very simple language, the story of the first Christmas night was told. And as Mrs. Derwent saw the eager interest with which the story of the shepherds watching their flocks, was heard, as she listened to the genuine, albeit strangely-expressed exclamations of wonder and delight with which the account of the angel's appearance, and the subsequent visit of the shepherds to Bethlehem was greeted, she wondered at the coldnes and indifference with which so many of our well taught children receive the same beautiful story.

"Now, children," she said, as she finished the story, "I hope you will want to hear more of the dear Baby who was born this first Christmas night. I cannot tell you about it now, but if you will go to Sunday-school, you will hear all about him; how, when he grew up, he loved the poor and sorrowful of this world, and especially how he loved little children, and what he did for them. And now, if you want, I will sing you a song about this first Christmas night." And going to the piano, she played and sang the old carol:

"God bless you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour,
Was born this happy day."

Mrs. Derwent had a fine contralto voice, and the children, unused to such lovely sounds, crowded round the piano, wholly absorbed in the music. Just as the last strains died away, the clock struck one, and, as if in obedience to the signal, the folding doors at the end of the parlors, opened, disclosing, in the room beyond, a tall Christmas tree, sparkling with candles and their myriad reflections in the crystal balls with which the tree was decorated. In the branches hung long festoons of popcorn and cranberries, the latter looking, in the brillant light, almost like chains of rubies. Dolls and toys were also abundantly displayed, while rosy-cheeked apples and golden oranges lent their brilliancy to the show. But if the tree was brilliant, what words can describe the brightness in the eyes of those who looked on such a beautiful sight, most of them, probably, for the first time in their lives. Astonishment kept them for one brief moment speechless. But delight soon got the better of surprise, and they broke forth into varied exclamations of admiration. Any one, curious about slang, might have added many odd, and some very racy, sentences to his collection, that day.

Berty and his mother with Mr. Derwent and one or two friends, who had hitherto been engaged in lighting the tree, stood for a while, pleased spectators of the happiness which they had been the means of bestowing. It had been a subject of grave consideration, when this Christmas party was first decided on, how best to expend the money devoted to this purpose. In the face of the urgent needs of the little vagrants, it seemed almost a mockery to give them candy and toys and the show of the beautiful tree. But, as Mrs. Derwent argued, in the first place, in too many cases, any useful article would, in all likelihood, be seized by the parents or guardians of the children, and pledged or sold for liquor, so that the children would receive no good from their Christmas party. And then, these poor little waifs had never, perhaps, had a real child-like pleasure in their lives. The brightness and beauty of the Christmas season had always been to them a thing that was far off. Her Christmas gift, she was determined, should bring them a touch of the romance and beauty that naturally belong to childhood. And, as she looked now on the happy children, with their cheeks glowing and their eyes bright with excitement, she felt she had made a wise choice. This bright and happy hour would be with them through their lives. But Berty interrupted her reflections. Childlike, he was anxious to have the play, as it was to him, go on. "Aren't you going to give them their presents, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, papa will take them off the tree now, and you and I will give them out, you to the boys, and I to the girls."

So Mr. Derwent, having arranged the children in a line, told them he wanted them to pass around the tree, so as to see it all around, then out through the side door into the hall, where they would be told where to go next. As he spoke, he began detaching the presents from the tree, and as each child passed Mrs. Derwent, they were made happy by receiving a pretty present and a paper bag

containing an apple, an orange, and the cornucopia which is the inevitable accompaniment of a Christmas tree. As they left the room, they were directed by one of the young ladies, to go down stairs and wait quietly until Mr. and Mrs. Derwent should come. Down they tramped, more merrily than their feet had ever gone before. I suppose they tried to wait quietly, but their mirth and happiness would bubble over. The last of the happy little crowd had come down, closely followed by their hosts, who pushing their way through the assemblage, threw open a door leading from the hall. There was not even an attempt at quiet now. What child, who hardly ever had known what it was to have a good meal, could withstand the sight that met the eyes of this happy party. There stood a long table bountifully spread with what I once heard a little boy decribe as a "turkey dinner," and as they realized from the words with which Mr. Derwent welcomed them to their Christmas dinner, that this, too, was for them, their enthusiasm passed all bounds. They broke into a shrill chorus of "hurrahs," while stamping and clapping gave a slight vent to feelings which could no longer be restrained. As soon as the noise had subsided and all were seated, Mr. Derwent, requesting them to be perfectly silent for a minute, in a few simple words returned thanks to God, and implored his blessing on all present.

There was not very much talking after that. Eating was a serious business to these children, and they addresed themselves to the task with an earnestness befitting so great an occasion. Any one who has visited the Five Points House of Industry, or the Home for the Friendless, on Thanksgiving or Christmas-day, can form some idea of the enjoyment at Mr. Derwent's table.

There is a limit to even hungry children's appetites, and that limit had nearly been reached ; so, as quickly as possible the table was cleared. The children, slightly embarrassed by this, to them, strange ceremony, watched the servants closely as they carried away the dishes, and so it happened that every eye was turned to the door as the great glory of a Christmas dinner, a large plum-pudding, decorated with a sprig of holly, was brought in.

"I say, there's a go," "Bring on your fire-works," "Ain't that just a stunner?" and like exclamations greeted this new arrival.

There must be an end, however, to all pleasant times, and even this memorable dinner was at last finished. When Mr. and Mrs. Derwent were sure that each child was fully satisfied, they took their little guests up to the parlors again, and after singing one or two more carols, sent them away, full of heart-felt gratitude to the kind friends who had planned such a happy Christmas for them.

"Mamma," said little Berty as the door closed on their visitors. "I never had such a happy Christmas in all my life. Don't I wish it was coming over to-morrow."

That evening, as the family sat round the pleasant open fire, in the "blind man's holiday" hour, Berty preferred his usual request for a story,

"I'll tell you one," said his aunt Alice, who had been one of the helpers at this happy Christmas party ; "those children to-day made me think of it." And she told the oft-repeated story of the Christ-child who coming to a great city, one Christmas-eve, in the likeness of a little ragged beggar, was turned from one door after another, until weary and almost fainting he was at last re-

ceived with true Christian pity. Warmed at this hospitable hearth, food was brought him, and, as with the disciples of old, "he was known to them in the breaking of bread." The disguise of poverty cast off, he shone forth, the very Christ, whose visit, according to the old German legend, is so anxiously looked for in every house on Christmas-eve.

"O aunty," exclaimed Berty, as the beautiful story was brought to a close, "how I wish the Christ-child did go round now. Mayby he would have come here to-day."

"I think he did, my darling," said aunt Alice, softly, "for you know he said, 'Inasmuch as ye done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

My story is told. It is no fancy sketch, but the true story of a real Christmas party given last year in the city of B——, and it was only the other day that I heard Mrs. Derwent, to use the name I have substituted for a real one, refer to this gathering as one of the pleasant events of a very pleasant year.

—*Caroline Lawrence.*

HOW MAMMA PLAYS.

JUST the sweetest thing that the children do
Is to play with mamma a-playing too;
And "Baby is Lost," they think is the best,
For mamma plays that with a merry zest.

"*My baby lost!*" up and down mamma goes,
A peering about and following her nose;
Inside the papers and under the books,
And all in between the covers she looks,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.
But though in her way is papa's tall hat,
She never once thinks to look under that.

She listens, she stops, and hears the wee laugh,
And around she flies, the faster by half, [clock,
"*Why, where can he be?*" and she opens the
She tumbles her basket, she shakes papa's sock,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.
While the children all smile at papa's tall hat,
Though none of them go and look under that.

A sweet coo calls. Mamma darts everywhere,
She feels in her pockets to see if he's there,
In every vase on the mantel shelf,
She searches sharp for the little elf,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.

Another coo comes from papa's tall hat,
Yet none of them stir an inch toward that.

Somewhere he certainly must be, she knows,
So up to the china cupboard she goes;
The covers she lifts from the sugar-bowls,
The sweet white lumps she rattles and rolls,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.
But though there's a stir near papa's tall hat,
They will not so much as look towards that.

She moves the dishes, but baby is not
In the cream-pitcher nor in the tea-pot;
And she wrings her hands and stamps on the floor
She shakes the rugs, and she opens the door,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.
They stand with their backs to papa's tall hat,
Though the sweetest of murmurs come from that.

The children join in the funny distress,
Till mamma, all sudden, with swift caress,
Makes a pounce right down on the tall black hat,
And brings out the baby from under that,
"*Baby, baby!*" calling.
And this is the end of the little play,
The children would like to try every day;

—*Ella Farman, in Youth's Companion.*

DIFFERENCES of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any one who is in earnest, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity.—*Dr. Arnold.*

CHRISTMAS.

According to announcement we had our usual Christmas entertainment. We asked our friends to help us with donations of toys, etc., to make the day a merry one for the children. Several responded with gifts which we found were sufficient to provide each child with some reminder of the holiday season. Our chapel was hung with festoons of greens from arch to arch and with flags and gay streamers the room was gaily dressed. Over the windows at the rear were the words "Lord of all," "Let us adore Him," "Prince of Peace," while in the centre one was a green cross in front of a white background trimmed with ferns. On one side of the platform stood a large tree, eighteen feet high, whose fruit was composed of dolls, cornucopias, etc. This tree shone in the gaslight and its beauty was greatly added to by strings of white pop-corn which hung from limb to limb in graceful loops. On the left was a veritable old-fashioned fire-place in appearance, built for the purpose of giving Santa Claus a proper method of entrance. On the mantel were an old-fashioned clock, candles in candlesticks, and sea-shells, etc. The chimney-corner had its shovel and tongs, while the fire-place displayed a genuine pair of brass andirons on which were sticks of charred wood with pieces of red tinsel which resembled embers. The whole was a house production and reflected credit upon the maker, who is one of our employees.

At two o'clock the gallery was filled with our children, looking as pretty as ever. Soon after the audience crowded the room. We had our usual programme of carols, glees, solos, choruses, recitations, calisthenics, etc., not forgetting the advent of Santa, in the person of a little eight-year old boy, whose coming down the chimney to the accompaniment of sleigh-bells, etc., was as much a surprise to himself as to others. At nearly four o'clock we sang "Good-night and Happy Dreams," and then went upstairs to the play-ground for dinner. Roast turkey, vegetables and mince pie abounded, and were well disposed of, after which the children came down to the school-rooms where toys and other presents were di tributed, which closed up the festivities of the year.

We append the following articles cut from daily papers :

Over 2,000 persons attended the Christmas exercises of the 300 members of

the Five Points House ofIndustry. The hall was a wilderness of floral decorations. The children sat in terraced seats on the stage. At the right was a heavily-laden Christmas tree and at the left was a perfect representation of an old-fashioned country fire-place. On polished andirons rested a large back-log, with a forestick in front, and underneath burned brightly a fire of pieces of crimson paper. On the mantle above were old-fashioned candlesticks, and a time-blackened wooden clock ticked in the centre. Just as the exercises had begun, Johnny Welsh, dressed as Santa Claus and loaded with toys, suddenly tumbled down the chimney and rolled out on the floor. Then he made his little Christmas speech, and retired amid shouts of laughter. The children sang in concert hymns and carols and pretty roundelays.—*Sun.*

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The inmates of the Five Points House of Industry, situated at No. 155 Worth street, at present number about two hundred and sixty boys and girls. About ninety children in addition attend the Sunday and day schools, but reside with their parents. All those school girls who are not inmates received complete suits of clothing, while the "out-door" boys also received one or two garments apiece. At half-past two o'clock all the children were assembled in the chapel. Carols and glees were sung and one or two duets were performed with great taste by some of the girls. Recitations and calisthenics and a few brief remarks by Mr. Barnard, the superintendent, completed the programme. Professor Theodore E. Perkins presided at the piano. The chapel was tastefully decorated with garlands and banners. A Christmas tree occupied a prominent position. Four hundred ladies and gentlemen were in attendance and showed their approval of the exercises by applause. At four P. M. the usual Christmas dinner was served, after which the children again gathered in the school-room to receive the presents from the tree. Toys and confectionery were liberally served out—*Herald.*

Over 2,500 persons assembled in the Chapel of the Five Points House of Industry at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon to listen to the exercises provided for the amusement of the children. The chapel was elaborately trimmed with evergreens, and a gorgeous Christmas-tree stood on the right of the platform, while at the opposite side was a representation of a large old-fashioned fire-place. There were the back-log, the andirons, and the glowing embers ; the shovel and tongs were in their place in a stand at the right hand, and upon the mantel-piece were two candle-sticks, a pair of sea-shells, and other ornaments. Upon the papered wall above hung two ancient photographs, and from the mantel-shelf stockings were suspended. The children were seated in tiers upon the platform. The exercises were commenced with the singing of Christmas carols by three hundred children. Then twelve little girls took part in a musical recitation entitled, "Welcome to Santa Claus," which was appropriately followed by the appearance of Santa Claus himself, who slid down the chimney, and bounding on to the platform from the fire-place, narrated his adventures. The character was assumed in costume by little Johnny Welsh. Little Fanny Malloy sang a song entitled, "Five Little Mouths to Feed," and Josie Lefferts spoke

a piece called, "The Shipwreck." The twenty-six letters of the alphabet were represented by an equal number af little girls, who spoke verses of a poem. At the close ot the entertainment the children were marched to the top floor of the building, where long tables were spread with dainties for their consumption.

—*Times.*

EYES.

Sweet baby eyes,
That look around with such a grave surprise,
What do you see?
A strange new world where simplest things
Engender wild imaginings,
And fancies free?
A resting-place that is not home,
A paradise wherein to roam,
For years, may be?
A placid, wandering baby eyes,
The mystery that in you lies,
Oft puzzles me.

Clear, boyish eyes,
Whose fearless glance unconsciously defies
Trouble and care;
When babyhood is past and gone,
What is it that you gaze upon?
A land most fair;
A sunny shore with pleasures rife;
And that great, glorious gift of life
'Tis bliss to share.
Oh, happy, trustful, boyish eyes,
Let sages envy, fools despise,
The faith you wear.

The anxious eyes
Of manhood, slowly piercing earth's disguise,
Discover—what?
That life at best is quickly done,
That hopes fulfilled and wishes won
Are dearly got;
That shadows chased in headlong haste,
And golden fruit he strove to taste,
Delight him not.
Oh, restless, doubting, troubled eyes,
To learn in sorrow to be wise
In manhood's lot.

Dim, aged eyes,
Gazing across the wreck of broken ties,
Who do they see?
Behind—dead leaves that withered fall,
A fading wilderness where all
Is vanity;
Before—to gladden weary sight,
A glimpse, a promise of the bright
Eternity;
Oh, dim and tearful, aged eyes,
If waiting till that dawn shall rise,
Blessed are ye?

—*Leisure Hour.*

TWO PINS.

A STORY OF UPS AND DOWNS, FOR THE CHILDREN.

Once upon a time a new pin stood in a cushion, with ever so many other pins.

"This is better than that green paper was," said the pin to himself. "What a nice place it is, to be sure! Here I am, right in the middle of this red cushion, and the worsted is all around my foot on purpose to keep it warm. It is all because I look so well I suppose. What shall I name myself? Let me think."

Pins always name themselves, but the last name is the same every time—Pin.

"I'll call myself 'Shiny,' I guess, Shiny Pin! That sounds well! How straight I am; and, dear me, what crooked fellows all the rest of them are!" and Shiny drew himself up so proudly, that he almost fell over.

"Hullo, Mr. Shiny."

Shiny never stirred, but stood in dignified silence.

"Oh I know you," said the voice again. "You needn't put on airs. We stuck side by side on that green paper. We rode in the cars, in an old lady's pocket, and heard her tell somebody how her last husband wouldn't die as long as he lay on a partridge feather pillow, and when they laid him on hen's feathers 'he went off just as easy!' Don't you remember? Say!"

Shiny turned around, and saw a dreadfully deformed pin. It was bent till it looked a little like a cork-screw, and its head was flat.

"I don't wonder you don't know me," said the crooked pin, whose name was Mashed. "I don't look as fresh as you do, but we are of the same age."

"But what on earth has happened to you?" asked Shiny.

"Well, I'll tell you. I stuck in that paper, and they had reached our row, which was the second from the middle,—I have forgotten which side,—and one day a little girl came to the woman that the old lady bought us for, and asked for a pin, and the mother told her to take one from the paper. So the child came and took me right out of the middle of the row, which wasn't right; she should have taken the end one, for then the row would look neater. Well, that child took me out of doors, and after looking to see if her mother would know where she was going, she slipped through a gate, and there before us lay two long straight things. I didn't know what they were, then, but I do now. It was a railroad track. She laid me down on one of those rails, and I thought it was a very good place, although I lay on my face. But it was warm, and there was fresh air all around me, which was more than I could say for that green paper. I was thinking how pleasant it would be if I was only turned over, when all at once I heard a dreadful noise, and then came an awful weight, and it came again and again, and there I was with my head as flat as a knife-blade. Then the little girl came running up and said, "Oh, now you're mashed!" (which was a new word to me, so I've always kept it for a name) and she took me home and used me for a breast-pin for her doll. She bent me every time she stuck me in, and yesterday she lost me, and her mother picked me up and asked how she came to have such a pin, and when she found out she said the little girl shouldn't have me for a week, to punish her for going beyond the gate when she had been told not to. So that is how I came to be here."

"I expect to come to a better use than to be a mere ornament for a little girl's doll," said Shiny, scornfully. "*I* intend to do some good in the world."

The pins were interrupted just then by the mother of the little girl, who came to the cushion and took Shiny and used him to pin down her sewing. That was doing good, but Shiny wasn't satisfied with such small work.

"Don't you fret," called Mashed from the cushion. "As long as you are straight, there is work ahead."

In a little while the lady took the pin out and stuck it on the front of her dress, and put her work away and went into the kitchen.

"I will make the biscuit for tea, Bridget," she said. "The minister is coming, and I want them extra nice."

So she sifted some flour and put all manner of things in it, Shiny thought. He kept drawing himself up to see all he could and suddenly he fell down into the dough, but the lady didn't see it and the pin was covered up.

"Oh, now I shall not see what 'the minister' is," thought Shiny

In a little while the dough began to grow hot, and it kept getting hotter and hotter until Shiny was afraid he should be melted again, But he wasn't, and presently he felt himself carried somewhere, and there were very sweet voices that he could hear,—a little too sweet, he thought, for one he was sure he recognized.

"Pass the biscuit," some one said, and he felt himself moving. Then there was a dim light on one side of him, and then it grew dark again. It was only that the biscuit was cut in two and then buttered, but poor Shiny didn't know but he was going to be baked again. Suddenly he felt himself turned over and over, and than somebody said, "Oh! Yah! Ah!" and Shiny saw the light again. He was lying in a mouthful of half-chewed bread in a gentleman's hand.

The gentleman's face was quite red, and so were the faces of the lady who made the biscuit and a young lady who sat near the gentleman. The biscuit lady was telling how sorry she was that it had happened, but the gentleman said it was no matter, which didn't seem to Shiny very polite when the lady felt so badly. The other lady kept asking him if it hurt him, and he kept saying, "Nothing to speak of." Shiny was laid down by the gentleman's plate on the table-cloth.

When the people left the room, Bridget came in to clear off the table, and seeing the pin in the half-chewed bread she said, "Faix, an' thim biscuit must ben extry nice,—extry-or'nary nice." She took the pin and stuck it in the front of her dress, and, after the dishes were washed she went to her room, and said to herself, "Sure, an' I'll put on me blue ribbon, for Mick's a comin' th' night." So she took out a greasy blue ribbon and tied it into a stringy bow and pinned it with Shiny, and another pin at the throat of her calico dress. She wasn't very neat about it, and Shiny's head stood out so he could see all that was going on. Bridget went down-stairs, and in a short time Mick came and she gave him a nice supper, and, while he was eating it, she told him all about how the missis made some biscuits extry nice, bekase the minister was comin', and he found a pin in one of them, "which'll knock the young lady's plans in the hid, I'm a-thinkin'!"

After the "looneh," Bridget and Mick had a cozy chatter together, and Shiny, who wasn't stuck in very far, fell out, and Mick said he would kape it to remember his gurril wid, and stuck it under the lapel of his coat. When he went home that night, he hung his coat in a little closet, and didn't take it out again till the next Sunday morning, when he was going to confess. He had forgotten all about the pin, and when he raised his hand to comb his hair, he received a dreadful scratch.

"Och, ye murtherin' villain!" he exclaimed, and snatched the pin from his coat and ground it down into the floor with his hobnailed heel.

Then, poor Shiny was battered and bent worse than he had ever expected to be, and it made him quite down-hearted, for he remembered the last thing Mashed had said to him, how as long as he was straight there was work ahead. Shiny lay there for a week or more, till one day the landlady came to sweep, and, seeing Shiny, she picked him up and stuck him into her dress.

When she went to the market the next day, she saw a piece of picture paper blowing along in front of her, and she caught it and took it home to her little

boy, and cut out a whole picture there was in the paper, and fastened it on the wall with Shiny. There he staid for months, and at last there was a wake in the house, and the picture was knocked down and Shiny fell into a crack in the floor. During the wake another pin fell into the crack close to Shiny, and who should it be but Mashed?

"Shure, an' is it yersilf?" cried Shiny,—for he had lived with the Irish so long that he had caught a burr in his tongue. Mashed said nothing.

"I know you by your mashed head. I used to be Shiny, but, bedad! I think I'm anything but that now."

"Oh, so you are Shiny, are you?" said Mashed. "Come down a little, haven't you? Don't feel quite so grand as you did when you stood on that red cushion, and wouldn't speak to your deformed neighbors? Serves you right *I* think."

"Shure, an' we'll let by-gones be by-gones! How came ye here in the likes of this durty place?"

"I was kidnapped," sighed Mashed. "I was that doll's breast-pin, and the little girl lost me as usual, only this time it was in the street instead of in the house. There was a woman picked me up and took me home and used me as a screen supporter."

"Eh?" inquired Shiny.

"I h ld one corner of a mosquito-net, then,—if you can't understand refined language; and then I was stuck in a cushion, and then the woman used me to pin up a hole in her dress, and she came to the wakeand lost me in this crack."

The next morning, when they cleaned up after the wake, the crack was filled up with dirt, and there the pins are buried.—*H. E. B., in Republican.*

A SAD CASE.

Our attention was recently called by a friend to the case of a physician whose family is in need, through the criminal action of the executor of an estate in which the children of the family were interested. The doctor was at one time, within ten years, worth fifty thousand dollars, but by persuasion of the executor before mentioned, who had invested the legacy of the children and had lost it, he put five thousand dollars into a mining speculation which collapsed, and beside using up his five thousand dollars made him, with others, responsible for the debts of the company and completely swept away all of his property, leaving him penniless. He interested some lawyer in his affairs and through his efforts judgment was given in his favor against the executor for losing the trust funds, but as the man had no property to attach he has never been able to regain a penny, and has been for some time in straits for daily food. He was living in some house at

the upper end of the island, where his rent was given him until the house was wanted and when we were told of him he was ordered to move. There are five children, the youngest being only eight months. We advised his moving down-town, where there might be a possibility of some of the family obtaining employment. The doctor not having had business training is unfitted for most kinds of work and has lost his practice in looking after legal matters. We have helped him and now hope they are in the way of helping themselves.

BUTTONED POCKETS.

After Christmas and New Years the best of Christians button up their pockets. It is reaction, just as a roaring farce at night leaves us blue and miserable in the morning, or the devout exaltation produced by one of Moody's sermons ebbs out in nervous crossness the next day. On Christmas Day we were full of tender thoughts of the Babe and His wondrous work in the world. We were brimming over with kindness to the children and the poor. Now that the Holidays are over, our pockets are so nearly empty that we button up the little lelt in them with the secret resolve to pay our just debts, and give charity the go-by. In the meantime, the pleasure, the turkeys and loaves we dealt about so lavishly are gone, and here are the children calling on us for hourly self-sacrifice; here are the poor at our door, just as hungry, just as far from any chance of work and comfort as ever.

If a gush of benevolence at the Christmas season is to satisfy our conscience and pay off our score of Christian duty for the year, Christmas is a fraud and makeshift, and no boon. Before the new year begins, it is worth while for us to remember that the children about our hearths will call on us on every day of it for Christmas warmth and love and cheerfulness, if we would make their lives wholesome and clean. As for the poor whom the Master left with us, the plain truth is that it will take something more than the fine poetic feeling of Christmas to carry that dead weight through 1878. They are not often picturesque, nor worthy, nor grateful. Nothing was easier than to give our alms last Tuesday to that unseen "least of His brethren," sick, poor, or in prison. But when we meet him next week, lazy, dirty, impudent, it will be exceedingly difficult to see any kinship to Christ in him. We shall, very likely, find it convenient to shove the whole problem of tramps, dangerous classes, discharged prisoners, out of sight, and to give vent to our religion by comfortable prayers and church-going. People, not unnaturally, are growing tired lately of the whole question, and think of these their brethren as the devil's rather than God's poor. The *Tribune* is a secular journal, and no religious preacher, but for the sake of common sense and fair dealing, it must remind its Christian readers that it is not their pockets alone that are closing to these unlucky classes, but their brains and hearts. The young man who had every moral virtue under Heaven was told to go and sell all that he had to give to the poor. It is not money alone that God demands for them now, but infinite patience, education, and oftenest

help to become honest, clean, hardworking citizens, instead of lazy, vile, thieving wretches.

If we want to carry Christmas into every day of the coming year, we shall have to take up this burden: shut up our pockets against selfish extravagance and begin to live, in however small a way, for the help of the big, hungry, needy world outside of our own homes. At the end of the year we shall have found much ingratitude and bitter disappointment, but a widening and lifting of our own lives by means of this human work and brotherhood, into higher ground than we ever gained through sermons or alms-giving.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOYS' EVENING ROOM.

The room set apart for the use of our older boys, some forty or fifty altogether, has been open to them almost every night during the past year, thus contributing to the means that are used to make their surroundings more pleasant and homelike, and also opening to them opportunities for the exercise and development of mechanical taste and skill as well as for reading or quiet recreation.

During the year many have learned to look eagerly for the regular appearance of the following publications, which have been kindly supplied by the publishers: "Scientific American," "Harper's Weekly," "Weekly Witness," "St. Nicholas," and "American Agriculturist"; from friends in Glasgow, Scotland, comes the superbly illustrated "London Graphic," the Christmas number of which excited the admiration of all by its two double-page and six full-page illuminated engravings, also the "Illustrated London News"; the regular issues of the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," "British Workman," and "Band of Hope Review," are supplied through friends.

There has been added to the room, by the kindness of Mr. D. L. Suydam, a Fleetwood scroll-saw, which makes two now used by the boys, and which are in constant use for making various articles of use and ornament. There has also been made a cabinet of locked-drawers, for the use of each boy, in which to keep his little treasures, presents, etc., thus fostering a spirit of independence and a just respect for the rights of individuals. The type for our Monthly Record is still set up here, a large part of it by some of our boys.

The room has been furnished and is supplied and cared for by the efforts of the boys themselves and by donations from any friends interested in its objects and use.

We omitted in the December number of the Record to thank some unknown friend for the present of a large, tender, excellent turkey. Some good friend left it, with the emphatic statement that it was not for the House of Industry, but particularly for the Superintendent. As a rule we decline to receive presents from persons with whom the House of Industry deals, believing it not right so to do, but this turkey was left in such a way that we could not object, and so we say to whoever furnished us with it that we are greatly obliged and that it was excellent.

Money Received for Record, from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1877.

Bassett, Geo., Sag Harbor, N. Y.	$1 00	Randall, Mrs. M. L., Thompson, Ct.	$1 00
Friend, So. Coventry, Ct.	1 00	Tyler, Mrs. G. P., Lansinburgh, N. Y.	1 00
Hoyt, Mrs. Seymour, Stamford, Ct.	1 00	Weeks, R. D., Newark, N. J.	1 00
King, Mrs. A. L., Stapleton, N. Y.	1 00	Whippey, Mrs. W. S., Nantucket, Mass.	1 10
Lippincott, Mrs. T., Tappan, N. Y.	2 00		

Money Received from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1877.

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A. C., Jr.	$25 00	E., Mrs., for Christmas	$20 00
A. K.	5 00	E. W., Yonkers, N. Y.	5 00
A. K.	5 00	Fairtlough, H. C., through Mr. Betts.	5 00
All I can do	24	Friend	5 00
A. S. S.	5 00	Friend, a gold piece	5 00
Applegate, Rev. O., Newburgh, N. Y.	5 00	Friend, West Hoboken, N. J.	5 00
A. V. D. B.	2 00	Friends, Amherst, Mass.	5 00
Bassett, Geo., Sag Harbor, N. Y.	1 00	Hague, Mr., Montreal, Ca.	10 00
Benton Baptist Church, Benton Centre, N. Y., to pay express	1 65	Haven Relief Society	100 00
Brinckerhoff, Mrs. W. C., Westport, Ct.	5 00	H. B.	2 00
B. & Co.	25 00	H., Mrs. C. S.	2 00
Carr, Isaac, Jamestown, R. I.	30	H. S. D. & Co.	10 00
Cash	$1, $2, $2, $2, $5	Hoyt, Mrs. Seymour, Stamford, Ct.	5 00
Cash, Brooklyn	2 00	Huntington, W. H., Paris, France	40 00
Cash, friend	50	I. L. K.	50 00
C. B. M.	2 00	J. C. D.	10 00
C., Chas. W.	25 00	J. H. S.	25 00
C. C. P.	5 00	J. F. D. L.	25 00
C. E. S.	5 00	J. M. M.	5 00
C., John F.	25 00	J. O., through Mr. F. G. Foster	5 00
Churches at Madison, N. Y., collection at union services	6 94	J. P. & C.	10 00
Chancellor, Colonel, Edinburgh, Scotland, through Miss E. J. Goodlet	5 00	King, Mrs. A. L., Stapleton, N. Y.	2 00
Cooper, Peter, Golden-Wedding Fund	50 00	L. I. & Co.	20 00
Crossett, S., Hartford, Ct.	5 00	Ladies' Sewing Society of the New Boston Presb. Church, New Boston, N. H.	2 00
C. W. F.	5 00	Lippincott, Mrs. T., Tappan, N. Y.	3 00
C. & Co.	15 00	McA., Q.	5 00
D. L. S.	100 00	Minor, Mrs. C. J., Woodbridge, Ct.	1 00
D., Mrs. R. O.	20 00	M., Mrs.	1 00
Elhe	1 00	M., Mrs. A. M.	5 00
Elmer, Susan F., E. Hartford, Ct.	5 00	M., Mrs. J. F.	2 00
		M., Mr. Wm.	5 00
		O'd Woman in a Shoe, Christmas Day	21 36

P. L. & Co. $10 00
Primary Department of the Pres. Church S. S., Miss H. A. Frost, teacher, Whitesboro, N. Y. 4 00
R. 1 00
Reformed Church, Tappan, N. Y. 5 00
R., Mrs. B. W. 5 00
Sanford, Mrs. H. W., Central Islip, L. I. 2 00
S., Geo. E. 5 00
S., Jas. T. 1 00
S., Mrs. W. C. 25 00
Spaulding, Mrs., So. Coventry, Ct. 1 00
S. R. C. 5 00
S. S. Class in Dr. Bellows' Church 1 00
S. S. First Cong. Church, Montclair, N. J. .. 25 00
Stamford, Manufacturing Co. 25 00
Stark, C. B., State Bridge, N. Y. 5 00

Sunday Collection, Dec. 2 ..... $11 46
" " " 9 ..... 10 67
" " " 10 ..... 7 58
" " " 23 ..... 5 06
" " " 30 ..... 4 97
Sunday Eve Reading Circle, Tarrytown .. 1 00
T., Jas. H. 20 00
T. M. & Co. 100 00
Weeks, R. D., Newark, N. J. 1 00
Weston, E., Providence, Pa. 5 00
W. L. T. 1 00
W., Miss E. P. 50 00
W. M. Jr. 10 00
W. Mrs. G. 20 00
W. N. C. 5 00
W. K. P. 5 00

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, 1877.

Archer Pancoast M'f'g Co. ..... 2 turkeys.
Atwood, Mr. and Mrs. E. G., Salem, N. Y., box clothing.
Baker, Mrs. Jeremiah, Madison, N. J., 57 new garments and second-hand clothing.
Beardsley, J. W. & Son ..... 404 lbs. codfish.
Benton Baptist Church, Benton Centre, N. Y., Rev. T. S. Hill, pastor, bbl. clothing, dried fruit, etc.
Blawveltville, N. Y. ..... bag clothing.
Bloomfield, Mrs. ..... books.
Blunt, Miss Lucy A., Andover, Mass., clothing and shoes.
Boyd, Edward A. ..... box 150 ft. glass.
Brevoort House ..... box fruit.
Burdock ..... pkg. clothing.
Chafee, Miss Pollie, Coventry Depot, Ct., 1½ bbls. clothing and shoes.
Converse, Mrs. P. S., Westboro, Mass., bbl. clothing, shoes, and papers.
Corning, H. K. ... 4 quarters South Down Mutton.
Craig, Miss S. J. ..... ½ bbl. oranges for hospital.
Cragin, Mrs. C. A. ..... clothing and shoes.
Cristy, M. ..... 25 lbs. candy.
Davis, Mrs. J. A. ..... lot clothing.
Davis, Mrs. Mary C. ..... bbl. bread.
Dooly, Mrs. John ..... pkg. clothing.
Duncan, Jas. G., large basket New-Years cakes and candy.
Ellis, Miss ..... pkg. clothing.
Erving, Miss Hattie L., Andover, Mass., clothing, shoes, and hats.
Fanshawe, Mrs. H. A. ..... box clothing.
Finlap, Ella, Waynesburgh, Pa. ... box clothing.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Friend ..... pkg shoes.
Friend ..... 17 new under-garments.
Friend ..... 2 pkgs. men's clothing.
Friend ..... basket shoes.
Friend, Elizabeth, N. J. ..... pkg. clothing.
Friends ..... 2 pkgs. clothing.
Friends, First Presb. Church, Cambridge, N. Y., bbl. shoes.
Friends, Whitesboro, N. Y. ..... box clothing.
Gale, J. R. ..... bbl. clothing.
Halstead, M. D., and others, Yonkers, N. Y., box clothing.
Hamilton, Mrs., Christmas-tree toys & trimmings.
Harper Brothers ... Harpers Weekly during 1877.
Hays, Mrs. Geo. W. ..... pkg. clothing.
Hayes, Miss H. W., New Rochelle, N. Y., box clothing.
Henderson, Mrs., Long Branch, N. J., box clothing and shoes.
Hoppin, Mrs. Hamilton, 7 new shirts, 6 new skirts.
Kluehenspies, Mrs. ... box toys for Christmas tree.
Ladies of Cong. Church, Woodbury, Ct., through Mrs. C. J. Minor, ½ bbl. clothing.
Ladies' Sewing Circle of the New Boston Presb. Church, New Boston, N. H., bbl. new and second-hand clothing.
Mead, Chas. L. ..... lot kindling-wood.
Minor, Mrs. E. J. ..... pkg. clothing.
Mitchell, Mrs. J. F. ..... pkg. clothing.
Munn & Co. ... Scientific American during 1877.
New York Condensed Milk Co. .... 10 qts. milk.
New York Sand Blast Works, grinding box glass.
Orange Judd Co. . Am. Agriculturist during 1877.
Page, John B. & Son, ... bbl. nice apples.
Pierce, F. O. & Co. ..... 50 lbs. white lead.
Poor, Mr. E. E., children of ..... Noah's Ark.
Potter, O. B. ..... 140 lbs. fresh beef.
Powers, Mrs G. W. and friends, box fruit, jellies, Christmas gifts, etc., for hospital.
Prang, L. ..... quantity of motto cards.
Pritchard, A. L. ..... pkg. clothing
Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H. .... papers.
Russell, Miss Gracie, Montague, Mass., one of our former inmates, 4 articles of new clothing made by herself.
Sears, Mrs. M. A., Montclair, N. J., 31 articles new clothing.
Sherman, Mrs. Humphrey, Jamestown, N. Y., box clothing.
Slauson, A. ..... 50 lbs. candy.
Smith, Mrs. Pliny F., Elizabeth, N. J. .. clothing.
Smith, Mrs. F. W., 3 pkgs. clothing, shoes, toys.
Suydam, J. R. ..... 2 iron bedsteads.
Swords, Mrs. W. H., So. Norwalk, Ct., bbl clothing.
Stephens, Misses, 30 dolls, 170 toys, 12 children's suits, 6 women's suits, 36 prs. stockings, bag of oranges.
Wallace, D. S. ..... 2 pkgs. clothing.
Whitney & Co. ..... box shoes.
Whippey, Mrs. Wm. S., Nantucket, Mass., bag clothing.
Wolcott, Sybilla, Eatontown, N. J., 12 little dolls for Christmas tree.
Wolfe, Miss C. L. ..... 200 mince pies.
229 W. 45th Street ..... pkg. clothing.

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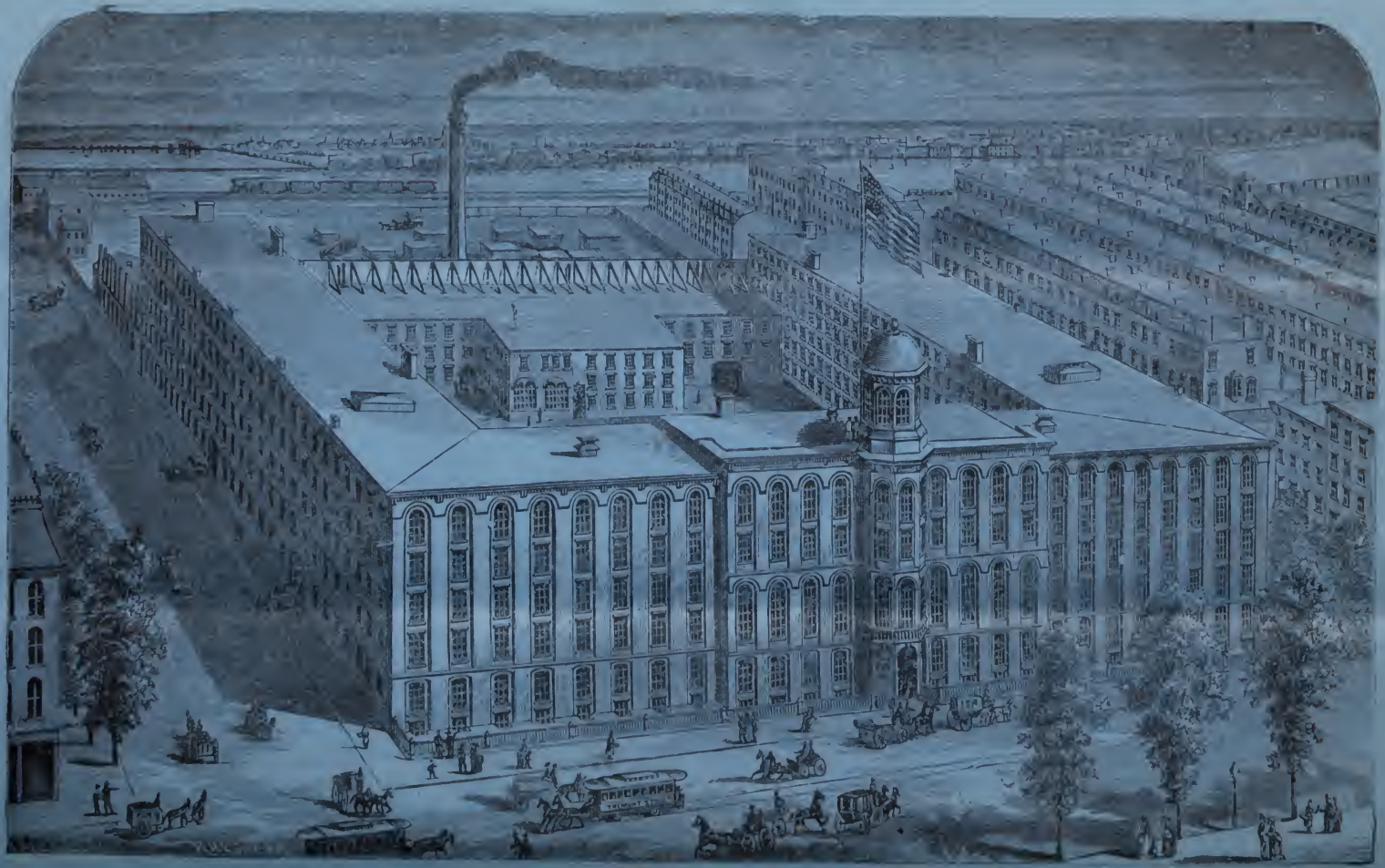

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